

ERNEST WILLIAM ALBRECHT

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

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(1916 -)

Ernie Albrecht, son of German immigrants, was born and educated in West Orange, New Jersey. He commuted from there to New York City for his first job in the airlines industry with United Airlines.

After World War II, he joined Pan American, with which he had had a close association during the war. In 1950 he was transferred to Hawaii. Mr. Albrecht traces the development of Pan Am in the Pacific, and discusses the changes brought about by such factors as deregulation of the airlines industry and the resulting mergers.

Mr. Albrecht served as Mexican Consul for a number of years and has been active in several community organizations including the Institute for Human Services, the Salvation Army, and the Community Chest.

He recalls many of his worldwide hunting adventures and his interest in ivory collecting. Mr. Albrecht shares his views on problems facing Hawaii at present, including the decline of agriculture, the growth of tourism, the influx of Asian money, and the erosion of the aloha spirit.

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INTERVIEW WITH ERNEST WILLIAM ALBRECHT

At his office in the Pan Am Building, Honolulu, Hawaii

October 22, 1986

A: Mr. Albrecht

S: Alice Sinesky, Interviewer

A: Mother and Dad were both born in Germany in a place called Baden-Baden, a lovely Black Forest city.

S: Very famous.

A: Very famous as a spa, gambling casinos, lovely mountains. Everything was fine until about 1905 when, I guess, Von Hindenburg was in power in Germany at that time. My dad had political differences and thought it best to leave Germany and come to the United States.

They moved to a small town called West Orange, New Jersey, about fifteen air miles from the heart of New York City, due west, settled into the real estate business and never did very well in it. I was born in this small town on July 7, 1916, which makes me seventy as of a few months ago.

A small-town atmosphere. Went to a small high school, West Orange High, never a good student, but I got out as far as that's concerned. I decided I might give a try in the real estate business also. I went to the University of Newark to night school for a while, didn't like it.

During that period I was a sportsman in terms of a hunter and a fisherman. As we go on with this interview, you'll see that this has been a big part of my life. Tennis was my primary sport. I was not a very good football player. My bones broke easily and I wasn't that fast. In tennis I did well. In fact, tennis got me into the airline business. I'll explain.

I was able to join, after working as a grocery clerk and delivery boy, the East Orange Lawn Tennis Club, which was beyond my means, but I did want to become a better tennis player. A week after I joined, the president asked me one day as I arrived, did I have a game. I said, "No." He said, "Would you mind playing with Captain Bob Dawson?" He was a pilot for United Airlines. This was in 1936. Bob and I

played quite frequently between his trips on United and became good friends.

Now it was time to go back to school. I didn't want to go. Bob asked me what I was going to do. I said, "I don't know." "Well," he said, "why don't you get in the aviation business?" In those days you had to have a college education even to become a clerk. The aviation industry was in its infancy and they had a great choice of who they wanted. I wouldn't do very well from a scholastic point of view.

S: Also, they were just coming out of the Depression so they could afford to be selective.

A: That's exactly right and they were very selective. However, Captain Dawson knew the president very well, Mr. W. A. Patterson. He was born in Hawaii, in Waipahu, as you may recall. He was the first president of United and a wonderful, wonderful person. Bob called Pat, as he was known, stating that he had this young man who would like to get into business, had not finished school, could someone consider interviewing him.

The answer was, "Yes." I went to New York. The only job available was baggage boy in the New York office on 42nd Street. I accepted it at a salary of \$65 a month. Now I lived in New Jersey as I mentioned to you. That meant that in order to get to work I had to take a trolley or bus to get to the train station, on into Hoboken, New Jersey, take a ferry across the river, walk about half a mile to get on the subway to go uptown to 42nd Street. Now that's four modes of transportation and it took hours to make all these connections. In evening time, it was a six-day a week job, of course, I had to repeat in the opposite direction.

Of course, I was young, vigorous and didn't care, but what a terrible experience to do that. Six days a week. I couldn't afford to stay in New York.

S: But at the time when you're young, you don't think about that. I'm young and I have a job and I'm starting out. That's the way it is.

A: So that \$65 a month wasn't very much money when I started taking my expenses out, even though it was cheap transportation. United in those days had only ten passenger airplanes. Two-forty-seven D Boeings, small things. Only people who had money, the big moguls of business, travelled and United was a big airline in those days. Big in comparison to what was available.

I got to know the presidents of major corporations on a first name basis. I'm in my porter's uniform. I had to make

more money. I became very adept at weighing bags. I could lift a bag and tell the weight within a pound or two pounds. So I wound up with my friends, the passengers, by betting them twenty-five cents or fifty-cents that I could guess the weight of their baggage. After about six months of this they all wanted to challenge me. They also wanted to help me out. That's why they did it, I think, not because they wanted to play. To make a long story short, United doesn't know this. I think I made more money on the side weighing baggage than I did with my \$65 a month salary.

Knowing all these men and they were very powerful people as I mentioned. Of course, they knew Mr. Patterson and whenever a job became available, and not very many did, they wanted to be darn sure that I had a crack at it. When a job became available as a ticket clerk on the counter, I was given it basically not because I knew my job, but because of the pressure of these other men. They wanted to see me get ahead.

They opened a small office on Wall Street. A tiny thing. Just two of us. And I, fortunately, was given the managerialship of that little office. This was in 1942. Then the war came. Suddenly, as we all know, the country mobilized quickly. An airline was started, a military airline called Naval Air Transport Service, run by the Navy. Pan American was the primary contractor for this airline. They needed men to run it. They came to the airlines like United to pick out men to get involved. All the United Airlines staff were given commissions, as was I, to go into the Naval Air Transport group.

We received these commissions, which was fine, because we could have been conscripted (I guess that's the word) as a private. Not that I mind being a private, but why not do better if you could? I was shipped off to Bermuda. Great assignment.

S: What kind of a rank were you given? Ensign?

A: Ensign, the lowest. A great assignment. The president of General Motors of Canada had a lovely estate down there. Twelve acres of ground. Lovely home. Eight servants on the staff. Twelve of us fellows had this as our home. BOQ. [Bachelor Officers' Quarters] We had everything. We had access to food and we could get all the liquor and wine that we wanted. Our place was a very popular spot, frequented by top-ranked officers of the military of both Britain and America as well as the officials of Bermuda. It didn't last very long.

We used to play poker just about every night. After being there for six months, the fellow in charge, the CO so to speak, although he didn't have the rank of CO, he was the

manager, came into this card room and said, "There will be some changes of station." I knew that I wasn't going anywhere because I was the youngest in age and the youngest by arrival time there. He said, "There's one fellow not paying attention."

I was to take a plane out the following afternoon to West Africa to a small jungle base, which I did, of course. I had no choice in the matter. But they actually did me a favor, unknowingly. It was a place called Liberia on the West coast of Africa. It was a miserable climate, hot, steamy jungle. There were about twenty of us white men based in this place called Fishermen's Lake. It was on a lake where seaplanes would land. It also had a metal strip where fighter planes and bombers could come in.

S: This was 1942?

A: Right. It was here the United States received most of its raw rubber. The Firestone plantations down there were huge affairs. We would fly in from Natal, Brazil to Liberia. This route was the shortest distance between South America and Africa. These were flying boats. Three-fourteen Boeings they were called. Huge affairs. Same kind that used to come here and I'll explain about that later.

We would take in troops, priority type business, and take back from Africa to South America up to the United States huge balls of rubber for use in the war efforts. The United States has poured billions of dollars into Liberia and continues to do so. It is completely run by the black folks of that country. It is an independent country, but totally backed up by the United States and remains as such.

My duty was to handle passengers and freight on this particular base. Because of that I had a lot of black natives working under my direction (possibly as many as one hundred) that would carry the bags on their heads and load the airplanes. I became extremely attached to many of them.

They lived in a small, mud hut village approximately half a mile away. They were tremendously loyal and I treated them with great respect. Tremendous friendships developed among these people. The missionaries would come to this small village about once a month to put on a Christian service among these people. There weren't too many Christians, but we had a small organ, the kind that you pump with your feet.

I wanted to recognize my mother, to whom I was very close, so with the natives there we built a mud hut church, thatched roof, mud sides. I recall putting the cross up and I hammered in it the words "in honor of my mother." The reason I did that, the missionary who came could only come at

certain periods and he asked me if I would take a service in between his time. At that time I wore the robes of the Episcopal faith, not ordained. The natives who came to church didn't want to hear about God or the bible. They wanted to shuffle their feet in the dirt to the tune of the music being played. Nevertheless, it was an interesting part of my stay there.

S: Did you come from a strongly religious background?

A: Not necessarily, although church and Sunday school were a big part of my youth.

S: But church was a part of your growing up.

A: My growing up and it still is. In fact, it's probably stronger now than it was then.

Being a hunter I wanted to get out to the bush areas there, so whenever I had any time I would take two or three of my most loyal and respected boys, as we called them. Strange names. like Sea-Never-Dry and Black-Man-Trouble were some of the names of these fellows. Spoke a little English, but mostly the Vai tribe language.

I would take my friend Russ Beaugardis, who was the mechanic for some of the smaller planes we had there, and he and I would take off for a week's trip right smack into the middle of the jungle area where many of the small children had never seen a white man before. It was exciting because as we left camp the drums would start to beat. Drums that would be talking drums. They would say, "Tall man" describing me at the time, "with a moustache," was coming.

When we got to the village, if we had respect, the chief would meet us at the periphery of the village and escort us to the center where the palaver hut was located. Palaver meaning talk. A thatched square affair. We would sit there and through interpreters he would ask me, "What makes an airplane fly?" or "How does it stay in the air?" or things like that.

Very difficult to explain these things through an interpreter. Then I would ask him questions like, "How many wives do you have?" and "Tell me more about your witch doctors." Things along these lines. Extremely interesting. This went on every night at a different village.

I would make these trips primarily for two reasons. I had a lot of gunpowder back at my camp that I used to take out of fifty caliber shells and I wanted to trade with the natives. Some of these old chiefs had Long Tom rifles, these long things that you'd put the powder in and put the ball in, but they didn't have any gunpowder. As we went from village

to village way back in this bush country (and the dialects changed which made it very difficult), I told them that I had the gunpowder, but I wanted to trade ivory, carvings and artifacts, whatever they might have and if they wanted to trade ivory, to come to my camp and we could talk.

Now I'm back in camp a few days later. I see this fellow coming across the bush with an elephant tusk across his shoulder. Small, maybe four feet long, weighing twenty pounds. He was asked to sit down in front of my quonset hut. I came home from a trip and there he was sitting waiting for me. I got someone who could speak his dialect. We sat down together. I told him to hold out his hand and I filled it with gunpowder. He had a little sack with him to put the gunpowder in and he gave me the tusk.

That night my boys told me that down in the village nearby where some of my boys lived that he laughed at how stupid I was and how he put something over on me because he only gave me one tusk and I gave him enough gunpowder to shoot a whole elephant. He got a whole elephant plus another tusk out of me. Obviously it didn't cost me a cent. We were both happy.

The loyalty of these natives was such that when we came to a stream, they wouldn't want me to get my feet wet, so they would literally argue among themselves about who was going to have the privilege of carrying me on their shoulders across the stream. This was the kind of loyalty they had. I mention that for a reason.

Whenever one of our men was transferred some place else, up to the war front or back home or wherever, if he had any respect, when he left on the airplane the natives would come from the town, this little village, and beat drums and put on some dances for him as a farewell type of thing, which was always very interesting to see and be part of. At this time I had word from the mainland that my dad had passed away. In a matter of days I was given leave to go back for the funeral.

Being that I was manager at that time and very close to all of the natives, even had babies named for me and things like that, now that it was time to get onto the seaplane to be flown out to go home for the funeral, I expected a massive crowd to see me off because I was so close to them. I walked down to the dock. Nobody around. Just two chiefs at the end of the dock. They were paramount chiefs. That's the highest rank any chief can have. But none of my friends. None of my boys were around. I felt so badly. Why don't they love me any more like they're supposed to? (laughs)

I got down to the chiefs and through an interpreter they told me that they realized that when the white man loses

someone you don't make music and sing and dance and that's why the local natives did not come to put on a show for my departure. I could see heads from behind palm trees all over the area looking, but no one wanted to show themselves.

I said that I preferred to have them come forward. He shouted out something and it erupted. The natives came from all over the place. The tears that flowed and the respect that they showed was one of the warmest events I ever had in my life. When that plane took off, it was a sight I'll never forget. It was an amazing thing. I've never gone back since so I don't know what's ever happened to those wonderful people.

S: Oh, that was the final....

A: ...the final aloha. Then I was given another job and I didn't have to go back to Africa.

S: Did that start your interest in the ivory?

A: Not really. I'll tell you about that in a moment, because I've gone back to Africa many, many times since that time. As we went on these trips back into the bush we had to be careful not to go into what they called grigri G-R-I-G-R-I bush areas. That's where you see a false door on the trail, just a doorway. You were never to go into that area. It could mean your death. Grigri is where the young children, the teenagers, let's say from eleven to thirteen, the boys are sent there, only the boys, segregated from the girls, and they're taught the facts of life, the tribal secrets. The medicine men would talk to them. In other words when they came out after about six months, they were supposed to be men. Circumcision would occur during this time.

The same with the women, but they'd be in a different part of the jungle area going through the same thing with the old ladies of the tribe. We had to be careful because we were told that if we broke faith and spied upon them, they would find us and we would be killed. True or not, I don't know.

S: You didn't want to find out either.

A: I didn't want to find out.

As we went through these jungle areas, as a hunter I noticed how small things were. Like a hippopotamus for instance, instead of being three tons as the case might be, hippos of Liberia are like a huge pig instead, three or four hundred pounds. I noticed the crocodiles instead of being twelve or thirteen feet were six feet. The bush cows, buffalo, were tiny things versus the big buffalos of Kenya.

The elephants were almost half the size of the Kenyan bush elephants.

The only thing that I could attribute that to would be the tremendous amount of rain, the always wet earth literally washing out the food value of those that fed upon the land. Conversely, the monkeys in the tree that didn't eat off the ground, but ate seeds and other things, nuts and what not, were big-bodied. The chimpanzees were very big, but they, too, ate off the bushes and trees. That was exciting to a person like myself who enjoyed nature.

S: Well, it was certainly evidence of this adaptation to nature.

A: You also have to appreciate these native people. Many of them had not seen a white man. I recall this one village where kids would run from me. The chief was sitting on a wooden chair, a hand-hewn affair, throwing a spear at a fruit that looked like a grapefruit. I forget what type of fruit it was. The fruit was maybe ten feet away and he was throwing his spear trying to spear it.

So me, being kind of a character in those days, (I haven't changed that much) I asked him through an interpreter, "May I try?" He laughingly gave me a spear. I went over to that particular piece of fruit, gave it a kick, and as it was rolling threw the spear and drove it right through the fruit.

It was one million percent luck. It would never happen again if I spent ten years there. The whole tribe, watching, ended up shouting and yelling and dancing. They kidded the chief because this white man came and gave it a kick.

I had my own personal zoo down there as well. They used to bring me in these pygmy hippo babies that they'd find and I'd try to feed them on milk. They never lived very long, unfortunately. I had leopards, which I domesticated to a degree, but never totally. We used to play a lot of softball there for exercise. I'd sit behind homeplate, often with a leopard in my arms, holding him. One fellow would get a hit. It might be at best a two-bagger, but as he ran I'd let the leopard loose and he'd try to hit the feet of the runner. As I said before, many of the two-baggers turned into home runs as the guy ran so fast to get back to homeplate. We had much fun there.

There was a man in Liberia at that time called Colonel Davis, head of the Army of Liberia. He was an alcoholic. Handsome man. He always dressed in these white uniforms. Made his own medals and what not. He would go through the jungle areas into the small towns demanding part of the rice

crops and other tribute. A ruthless person. Hated by the population.

Because of my position in the camp, whenever he came I would represent the Navy and Pan American. He came through one day with his entourage of goons, about twenty of them, and asked if I cared to go with him. He was going to represent the president at the funeral service of a Prince Varney Mambu, a paramount chief.

I said that I'd be happy to go with him. We got into these dugout canoes, the kind that you see in the movies, dug out from a solid tree and we had our paddlers. He was always drunk, but he carried it well. He never got falling down, but you could tell from his eyes and his actions. After one full day paddling up a smooth flowing river we came to this village. About six or eight other paramount chiefs were there to meet us and you could see the hatred on their face for this Colonel Davis. I was the only white man there, a little scary.

That night was going to be the service, so to speak. There was a bamboo railing around the grave in the middle of the village where this chief was buried. Colonel Davis sat on one of these wooden chairs and I'm next to him. He takes his sword out. I had to help him up by the way. That's when he was really drunk and he drove his sword into the ground and made some remarks about the other paramount chiefs that they would befall some trouble because they fought against this man. They used to fight quite frequently in this part of the world.

I could see the hatred in the eyes of the chiefs for this man. End of service. I'm in one little mud hut and he's in another. After dinner we went to bed. The witch doctors were dressed in gowns, goatskins with big wooden masks over their heads. They were dancing around the fire area as I went to bed. The Colonel had passed out by this time.

About midnight one of my boys came into my little shack, shook me and said, "They're praying the Colonel to death." I said, "What?" What could I do about it? Anyway, it's now about four o'clock in the morning. Still dancing out there. I didn't sleep very well, obviously. Next morning I got up as daylight rose. I looked into the place and the Colonel was lying flat, horribly, horribly ill. Not just from drunkenness.

He lay down in the bottom of the canoe as we paddled back to our camp. About three days later, dead. Now whether or not the praying to death had any bearing on it I, of course, will never know. But he was a perfectly healthy man

other than his drinking habits, but certainly the praying to death worked and he was out of the picture.

As I said, my dad passed away and I was sent back to New York.

S: This was 1943?

A: Nineteen forty-four by now. Very few jobs at the time, but Pan American still had this Naval Air Transport contract and they gave me....

S: Were you discharged at this time?

A: No, my discharge came a bit later. They gave me the job handling priority passengers who were going to Europe and other places. They couldn't have given me a position that turned out better for me, because it was at that time that I met this young lady called Kathleen [Hardwick] who became my wife about a year later and it was certainly the greatest thing that's ever happened to me by far.

S: You were a bachelor for quite a number of years.

A: I was twenty-eight at the time. She gave me one of the greatest gifts that I ever received and ever will receive, three lovely, wonderful daughters. Bonnie, Deborah and Linda and they, in turn, have given back to Kay and me eight beautiful grandchildren. So by coming back at the time that I did and meeting Kay, that was when my life really started. Of course, we're still very much in love and very much married.

Speaking of the marriage. The day after our marriage they sent me up to a place called Shediac, New Brunswick, which was a lobster fishing village in Canada and the first stop the seaplanes made after they took off from New York. They landed there for fuel to take off for Newfoundland, the Azores and over to Portugal. A small base. Only two or three of us fellows working up there at that time, but they allowed us to take our wives with us.

I had to make out the papers when the planes landed for fuel and things like that. On board were usually high ranking military officers. I'm speaking of generals and admirals and leaders of business, the president of General Motors going to Europe on priority business. We were at the end of a pier there where the seaplanes pulled in. I was in a little shack there doing my typing and I was bothered by the passengers asking me questions.

I had to think of something to get them off my back during this quick transit. There were a lot of fish off the end of the pier, good-sized fish, too. So I had a sign made

up, "While you wait, fish if you wish." I had eight bamboo poles and before the plane landed I'd bait the hooks and have these poles available. I'd offer a prize of a two-pound can of lobster meat to the one who got the biggest fish. I could see these tremendously important people fishing like kids off the end of this dock. But then I had another problem. When someone caught a fish, the other person was anxious to get a bigger one so I had more trouble getting them aboard the airplane. (laughs) It was a good fun thing and we thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it.

That ended and I was sent back to New York and down to Washington, D. C., with the vice president there to act as liaison with our government there and with other big accounts around the city. We normally supplied planes. President Truman was in power then and when he would go somewhere Pan American would oftentimes have the contract to fly the secret service men to precede the president's plane.

I can recall this one trip. The president was going to San Juan and the Virgin Islands and Pan American had the job to take the secret service people. On trips like that I was invited to come representing the company. On the way down, I'm with the secret service and FBI types, and word comes from the ground that there's some agitation on the ground by certain groups that didn't like Mr. Truman. It might be a little sticky after landing. We would land first. Maybe a half hour or an hour ahead of the president.

The head of the FBI or the secret service said, "Ernie, it's going to be a little on the tricky side on this trip. Would you mind helping us out and getting involved yourself?" I said, "No, not at all." He said, "When we land, you walk over to the podium and stand right in front of it. The President will be talking over your head." I didn't give much thought to that particular job until I got out there and here are all these wild Latins out there screaming and yelling. If there was any shooting to be done, the guy that was going to get it first was me. (laughs)

To make a long story short, nothing serious happened, but it was a thrill to stand in front of President Truman with all those insults coming his way.

Clearly enjoyed the Washington bit. Now the war is over and I was asked to take the job as assistant sales manager for Pan American in California. That I did. I covered the Hollywood beat. It was a very big business in those days and still is. Met some exciting people, the stars as well as the moguls. It was exciting.

But the man that was manager here in Hawaii for Pan American had a problem and they let him go. They invited me

to come over as manager. This was 1950. I was delighted with the thought of doing it.

S: Had you ever been here before?

A: Never been before. I had been listening to the "Hawaii Calls" program. My wife and I enjoyed it tremendously. I did love the Hawaiian music. I never dreamed of something like this happening. In those days we had the old Stratocruisers, the double-decked affairs. When I arrived at five o'clock in the morning I had my first taste of the so-called aloha spirit. My staff, those I was going to have working with me, were all at the airport at five o'clock in the morning with the leis. The welcome mat was out. I was very, very touched that this could happen.

Being involved with Pan American, which was a very powerful company in those days, was a privilege in itself, I might add. I might stop here for a moment and think back about the history of Pan American in the Pacific. You may recall that we started coming to Hawaii many, many years before any other commercial airline did. In fact, it was in 1935 and that was fifty-one years ago, landing out at Pearl City. The Sikorsky flying boats, very slow, averaged seventeen and a half hours to get from the West coast to Hawaii--sometimes longer if the headwinds were severe enough. Didn't carry many people because they had to carry full tanks of fuel.

Then in 1939 those huge flying boats came into being. The 314 Boeings. Beautiful things. They could carry about twenty-five people and it was about fifteen hours coming across. Great comfort. At times you were only going about ninety miles an hour in these huge affairs.

S: Were they the ones that had the private sleeping quarters and the sit-down dining and all that?

A: Right. One of my previous jobs that we didn't mention when I came back from Africa, I did go around the world a few times as a steward. They couldn't find a job for me and I did work on that particular plane. It was fun doing it and seeing the world as well. Beautiful meals. Just an outstanding way of flying, but extremely slow.

Then in 1944 during the war they had DC-4 airplanes and Constellations and then the Boeing Stratocruisers, the one I mentioned to you, the double-decked affairs, the belly down below where you could go down for cocktails. Then in 1959 the first jets, the 707s. That's the kind of jet that the president still flies in today. Then, of course, in 1970 the fantastic 747, which has turned out to be one of the greatest airplanes built by any nation in the world.

We mentioned before the changes in Hawaii primarily brought about by the airplane. The whole world has changed because of the airplane. Most changes out here, in my opinion, have been for the good in terms of Hawaii. In 1950 when I arrived, we averaged about 50,000 tourists a year. Now this year we'll have 5 million plus to give you one idea as to what the airplane has done.

Unfortunately, it made the steamships impractical because people didn't want to spend four and a half days versus four and a half hours. That's what it amounted to. They went out of business, which is unfortunate in some respects, because it was a lovely trip.

S: Well, they seem to be making a resurgence with some of the cruise ships.

A: This local one is doing fairly well, it goes among the Islands, but I sort of doubt if the steamships coming from the west coast will ever come back. Just the cargo aspects.

Unfortunately, I think the economy of these Islands is extremely fragile. When you think of it, we are based solely on a tourist economy and should it go, even slip to a great degree, gosh knows what will happen to these Islands here. As you are aware, sugar and pineapple are going continually downhill. How many more years they will last no one really knows. They may last forever, but not likely.

As you know, we've given the technology of the growing of sugar and pineapple to the rest of the world and they're throwing it right back in our faces with prices that are difficult to meet. What worries me about Hawaii. I look at the old adage, "The goose that laid the golden eggs." Hawaii has taken the golden eggs from this goose so to speak, but in doing so they forgot to feed it and it's in very sad shape in many respects and could die. This is regrettable. The aloha spirit that we knew in 1950 is no longer today what it was then. It has eroded tremendously. The influx of people not born here, I'm speaking of the Asians, the taxi cab driver who has come in from Los Angeles, the Mid-Pacific races that are here, that aloha spirit may not mean as much to them as it has to us in the past. It's sad. I would like to see the so-called aloha spirit taught in school or at least its value. Our students should be taught the value of tourism. What it means to their future. I'd like to see the young children as they go home from school wave at the tourist busses going by. In some areas they throw rocks at them at times.

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S: I saw a program recently that shows how the Hawaii Visitors Bureau and other groups are really trying to educate the children from the sixth grade up as to the fact that the jobs in the tourist industry are not all demeaning and that there is room for them in that industry. Not to look down on it. But that's just a start.

A: As far as the HVB is concerned I think over the years they've done a darn good job in basically publicizing our Islands and there's no question that they've done a great deal of good. They haven't had nearly sufficient money over the years. Now getting some. But I'm more concerned what our politicians haven't done over the years. It's been neglected horribly.

Last night going by Diamond Head, here's this famous, world-renowned Diamond Head that people from all over the world come to see and they know as our symbol or whatever you call those things, and at times it's a dump as you go by. I noticed last night that receptacles for rubbish are fifty-five gallon oil drums. On the mauka side of the street, instead of being planted with bougainvillea, plumeria and flowers, what's there? Fallen rocks, dirt, broken road and everything like that. Typical of what hasn't been done by the politicians of our city. Neglected totally.

In fact, in many ways I think Hawaii is a success in spite of ourselves, not what we have done. In fact what I'd like to see (this is not well put probably) is some recession in this town to wake people up as to the value of tourism. When it goes, as I mentioned before, Hawaii goes along with it. There's no reason why on all our Islands we can't be planting. I mentioned bougainvillea because it's so easy to grow and it's so beautiful and it takes little care. The Kona Airport used to have some bougainvillea planted between there and Kailua-Kona. Even our school children could do some of these things as projects. Some of our Rotary Clubs and other such organizations should get involved. But little is ever done along those lines.

Kalakaua Avenue in Waikiki. A disgrace. I'm speaking now of the pedicabs and what they do to unsuspecting tourists that get in these cabs and ride maybe a block and are charged ten or fifteen dollars for the privilege. Ofttimes these are non-English speaking Japanese who get stuck. I'm thinking of the Hare Krishnas and religious groups that proselyte these tourists by handing them a plumeria, "That will be ten dollars, please, towards our upkeep." I'm thinking of the porno shops up and down Kalakaua. The prostitutes who roam the streets. Things that could be changed, no question about it, by a politician that has some guts to change it. All these boxes that you have there that give you this free literature. There are hundreds of these containers up and down Kalakaua Avenue. Very unattractive.

We mentioned sugar and pine. So important to our growth over the years and now on the decline. What is needed is creating a better business climate here in Hawaii. Little has been done. We should be offering state lands at a very reduced rental for the first ten years or so to get them going. We should be giving tax breaks for new businesses starting up from the mainland. We should be getting the cooperation of unions as applies to the various insurances that one needs out here. Nothing is being done to speak of along those lines, so hence we have little new business out here. Other states are competing and getting it, but we're playing hard to get. I think one of these years we're going to find hard times in our beautiful state here because of things we haven't done.

S: Let's pick up when you came over here in 1950. You and your wife came. Did you have any of the girls at this time?

A: We had one and then one of the tragedies, I guess you'd call it, happened on my daughter's fifth birthday, August 5, 1951. We had a party for her at our home. We had a rental place on Kahala Avenue. That night I had a bad feeling like I had the flu or something like that. Went to bed. Next morning I couldn't move. I couldn't get out of bed.

My wife called our neighbor in and got down to the hospital. After many, many tests they found I had polio. That's shocking when you get news like that. In fact, I had the only case of polio in Hawaii that year. I spent about three months in the hospital here and realized that they were not familiar with polio or how to do much about it.

One of our captains at Pan American had contracted it also and he was at Sister [Elizabeth] Kenny's Hospital at El Monte, California. He had called me to ask about how I was doing. I said, "I think all right, but I'm not overly pleased." He said, "This place is great here. Why don't you come on in?" I said, "Put somebody on in management there." I spoke to someone (I've forgotten who) and he advised the captain had a second bed in his room that wasn't being used. I said, "Is it available?" They said, "Yes." I said, "I'll be arriving tomorrow."

I called my doctor and he arranged for me to be taken in an ambulance to the airport and put aboard a Pan American plane. In those days it was the Stratocruiser and I flew back to El Monte, California. I spent about three or four months with Sister Kenny back there. She gave me physiotherapy. She was famous for that. Then she went back to Australia and the hospital basically fell apart.

Then I heard of Cabot-Kaiser in Santa Monica, California, run by the Kaiser Foundation, and I checked in there and spent six months in that location and was

progressing very well considering my problems. Then I came back home and hired a physiotherapist from the Kaiser Foundation there to live with us for a year in Hawaii. Every morning before going to work (on crutches, of course) I would go through my physiotherapy. I was very fortunate.

Six months before I contracted polio I had taken out an insurance policy, a dread disease policy, so I had plenty of money. In fact, back at the Cabot-Kaiser hospital I had a suite, so to speak, for my room. I had a refrigerator moved in. I flew in (the company did) pineapple and papaya and I would keep champagne in the refrigerator. Just about every night people in my age group would come into my room in their wheelchairs and gurneys and we would have our papaya and pineapple and those that cared to have champagne could.

As applies to today I still wear (and I always will) braces on my stomach and my back. My right leg is completely gone but I walk on my skeleton. In other words, I am doing extremely well compared to how it could have been.

S: I remember the days of the iron lungs.

A: I wasn't part of that for very long because my lungs were not affected too badly at all, so I did very well. The thing I worried about most was not whether I could take care of my family financially. That, of course, occurred to me. Pan American was so wonderful to me in those days (through my whole career, actually). They kept me on with full salary through my internment, so to speak, and they were great in every way. If my family wanted to come up and visit me or my in-laws, they always supplied the transportation.

I always heard from President [Juan] Trippe, the president of our company at that time, and other vice presidents who were involved. Encouraging letters. Don't-worry-about-a-thing type letters. They were so wonderful. I wonder if you'd get the same treatment from other companies. To be so concerned about one employee.

S: And if they'd do it in this day and age?

A: There's been a big change. One of the things that concerned me as much as anything was as to whether or not I'd be able to hunt again. Before that I used to go to Mauna Kea for sheep and pig hunting. Very involved in that. That concerned me. After roughly a year of working on my body I could walk on crutches. A man in town called Heaton Wrenn, he used to be one of the principals and owners of Molokai Ranch, which was 70,000 acres on the west end of Molokai, invited me and my wife to go over for a weekend of hunting. He knew I was on crutches, which was fine, because I could walk very well on crutches. I still can. I have a new pair in the car.

We went over at five o'clock in the morning and went down to the ranch. Still dark. My wife carried my gun. I walked to a stand where I could get a good view of the surrounding area. There was a water tank about 150 yards away. I sat on a rock and put my crutches down. My wife handed me my gun and sat along side of me. It's now getting daylight. This is my first hunting trip since polio.

I could see the outline of a buck silhouetted against the skyline so to speak. This brand new gun, by the way, which I'd bought for myself for this hunt particularly, had a telescope on top. I'd put a shell in already. I fired and I could see the flame come out. It was still so dark. The telescope (I hadn't put it on right) jumped up and landed in my lap.

I said to myself, "What a stupid thing to do!" Mr. Wrenn, who was not too far away, said, "Ernie, you got him!" To make a long story short, even though the scope wasn't underneath where it should have been, it was still accurate enough to get my first deer. When I got up on my crutches and walked over to that deer, it was the greatest thrill of my life. I think I probably had tears in my eyes when I did it. I felt sorry for the deer, but we ate it. That gave me more encouragement.

Being with Pan American, of course, the world was my playground. I could fly anywhere in the world I wished with my wife and children completely free, which meant that wherever I wanted to go was possible.

I don't know whether you know the Atherton family here in town or not. They were involved and still are with a ranch in Kenya of a million and a half acres. Not a fenced ranch. Open bush country. This was sixteen and a half years ago. I was invited to go down on a hunt with Marty Anderson, who was one of the principals involved, the primary principal Pug Atherton and his wife, Burtie, and I went down and was hoping to get an elephant. That was the thing I wanted most in my life.

My legs were so messy that I realized that my chances of getting one were very, very unlikely. In fact, our daughter Bonnie was giving birth to our first grandchild right before I left. I had planned the hunt two weeks after the birth of the child. First babies don't always come on time. One week went by. A second week went by. No baby.

Bonnie insisted and my wife Kay insisted, "Go." My friends were waiting for me down there. I went. I called home from Seattle. No baby. I called home from London. No baby. I called home from Nairobi. No baby. I left word with my secretary that when the baby came to wire the safari

outfit there who would get word back to us by bush radio. After three days in the bush at six o'clock that night we checked in and the word came that the baby was born. It was a seven and a half pound boy. Bonnie was fine. Didn't give the child's name yet, which was understandable.

That night (I'm not very much of a drinking man) the white hunter Barry Roberts and myself were drinking toasts to my grandson and got kind of loaded. One thing I asked for. "Barry, let's try to get an elephant tomorrow in honor of my grandson." The next morning we got four of our native black boys in the back of the truck and off we go into the flat part of the bush country where I might be able to walk fairly well if they saw anything.

They went off in four different directions and we waited six or seven hours. Nothing happened so I knew that my chance of an elephant was almost nil. Late in the afternoon one of the boys came running across the bush, jumps on the hood of the truck, and excitedly pointed in a given direction saying in Swahili, which I don't speak, that a big bull elephant was under a tree. The white hunter Barry Roberts turns to me and says, "Can you walk that mile?" I said, "You know I can't."

We get into the car and kept the wind from the elephant to us. Elephants have a fantastic sense of smell. We get to within half a mile, get out and the black boy was leading, Barry Roberts with his gun, me and my gun bearer in back of me. I'm holding onto his shoulder as a crutch so to speak. After about fifteen minutes I'm watching Barry's hand and he's moving it, meaning to stop, and pointing over to my left. Here's this huge elephant about a hundred yards away. His backside is facing me and six cows had joined him. That makes it quite difficult. They have very poor eyesight, but a tremendous sense of smell as I mentioned.

We had to get a lot closer than that. These are heavy rifles and they don't have the flat trajectory that a 30.06 might have or something like that. My head's down again. We're now walking slowly because we didn't want to step on any twigs that might make a sound. I watched his hand signal again to look up and about seventy-five feet away is this huge elephant broadside to me with his beautiful tusks.

Two or three of the cows were looking directly at us, but to them since they can't smell us--by the way humans have a very strong scent that you and I can't notice, but an animal with that sensitivity can. They could probably see a blur and we were another animal. No danger to them. The problem is that do I shoot now or don't I, because when the sound of the shot goes off, the bang so to speak, the topography of the land might cause an echo that might come from the other side of the elephants, the echo, the noise I

mean, which might have them drive right towards us. Stampede. Not charging us, as such, but stampeding. And we'd be dead because there they are seventy-five feet away. If they came, we'd had it.

Here I am. There's my grandson's elephant. What do I do? I pulled up and fired. You go for the temple area. If hit perfectly, the elephant drops totally dead before it hits the ground. I fired and he swung around, threw his ears out and screamed at us. My white hunter said, "Here he comes," which was a very dangerous sign. Fortunately, the females ran to our right and the bull, instead of charging us, followed them, took two steps and crashed down.

Now the dust had cleared. I went around to the other side of him and put a coup de grace into his head. He didn't need it. At that moment one of the black boys started hollering like heck in Swahili and started to climb a tree. What had happened was that when the six cows ran to our right, they scared a rhinoceros that we didn't know was there. It was barreling right down at us. It wasn't charging us, but getting away from those messy elephants so to speak.

My white hunter gave me a push right into some elephant dung, I might add. I fell in there and the rhino went right by me. A matter of a few feet. Now he's gone by and everything is silent. We're all feeling better. There wasn't time to chop the tusks out. It takes about two or three hours. We left the elephant in the bush. Cut the end of his tail off, which shows any other natives that the elephant's been taken by somebody else, leave it alone.

That night back in camp I got a piece of brown wrapping paper and put on the top "In honor of my grandson, what's his name, seven and a half pounds versus six tons, Galana, Kenya" and the date on so forth. The next day when we went back to chop the tusks out, I tacked the sign on the side of the elephant and I have all these still pictures, complete movies of my grandson and this first elephant. Those tusks now belong to him. He'll have the whole story, the movie, the pictures, everything else. The local natives ate the meat.

I've had ten safaris, to Africa, the Himalaya Mountains, Nepal. Hunting has played a big part in my life, in terms of interest. The whole world has been, as I mentioned, my playground.

My primary hobby today is golf, which I play poorly because of the braces I wear. I can recall a funny instance that you might enjoy. About fifteen years ago King Leopold of Belgium was in town and someone called me and asked if I would take him out to Waialae where I'm a member, to play golf. The answer was, of course, yes. Being not too good a

golfer, I wanted to get a better golfer to accompany us so I asked my friend John King of Lockheed Corporation to join us. So there were the three of us.

We were now on the second green at Waialae and my cart that (excuse the expression) the King and I were riding in was on the other side of the green where John and the King were standing. I hollered across to John, whom I called King all the time rather than John, "King, will you bring the cart?" King Leopold thought that I meant him. (laughter) Here he gets into the cart and drives it around the green. As he's driving I thought, "Oh, my God, what have I done." But the King laughed about it when I explained it to him. That was one of my better golfing stories and I'll never forget it.

During my time in Hawaii with Pan American I became extremely involved in the community itself. I was president of the Community Chest in those days for a couple of years running. I was very proud when we made our first million dollars. I had a great staff working with me. Of course, it's since gone way beyond that with payroll deductions and what not. I became very active in the Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Rotary, represented two countries as their consul.

S: How did that come about?

A: Originally, the Mexican government went to our company under Mr. Juan Trippe as president as they wanted certain men in certain parts of the world to represent them as honorary consuls. Of the names that he submitted....

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A: One of the names that President Trippe submitted was mine. Out of that came my appointment. I must be recognized by the United States government and be given what they call an exequatur, which gives a U. S. citizen the right to represent a foreign nation. Without it, you couldn't do it. I finally got my exequatur and then I was publicized in the papers as the Mexican consul, listed it in the telephone book and then the problems started.

I got busier than I wanted to be. I might add from a mercenary point of view there's no money involved, it's just the reverse. It costs you money because when the so-called VIPs of Mexico come into town, it's you who picks up the check for entertaining and that type of thing. So the privileges of being able to park and not put dimes in parking meters hardly made up for the privilege of spending much money. (laughs) Some honorary consuls around town spend three, four, five or six thousand dollars a year.

Anyway, it wasn't long before I had second thoughts about it, but just about that time the Mexican president came to town, [Adolfo] Lopez Mateos, was his name and called me down to the hotel, the Royal, and with much pomp and circumstances gave me the Medal of the Aztec Eagle, which is the highest civilian award given. That kept me going for a few more years. Then I finally gave it up.

About ten years ago I asked Pan American if they would consider letting me come in on a half-time basis, half-pay as well, to take better care of my "polioed" body, so to speak, and they very kindly said yes, and I was also permitted to take on part-time work to augment my income a bit.

At that point Mayor [Frank] Fasi somehow heard about my arrangement and invited me down to his office to speak to me and ask me if I would accept what the personnel department calls "Personal Representative of the Mayor," which was Duke Kahanamoku's old job. It's also known as official greeter for the city. I did and was fortunate to sit in at his cabinet meetings once a week. So I got to know the operation of the city pretty well, particularly through the eyes of the mayor.

The mayor is a very controversial man, but I think a brilliant one. His personality is abrasive but he gets things done and I know that he's honest. That's a nice quality to have if you're a politician. He's impressed me over the years. In fact, I'm very sorry that he never became our governor. As I say, he irritates a lot of people and that's one reason why he never did become our governor. So be it.

But my job was, among other things, to handle VIPs that were coming into Hawaii to work with the city as well as VIPs who were transiting. I had a Cadillac stationed at the fire station across the street here and a fireman driver. Whenever we had to go to the airport, I would use that means of transportation. It was Mayor Blaisdell's old Cadillac and it was falling apart because Mayor Fasi is very frugal about spending money, but it worked.

The thing that embarrassed me most about that car.... Laurance Rockefeller and his wife were coming in. In those days they were very active with the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. Dick Holtzmann, a very close friend of mine, was president of Rock Resorts and I said, "Dick, I insist on meeting Mr. Rockefeller and his wife when they come in and taking them to the hotel." Dick said, "They don't want that kind of service." I said, "I insist. On behalf of the Mayor I'm going to meet them." So I went out to meet them.

They were told that the Mayor's car would be there to meet them and Mr. Albrecht. I went out and they came through the baggage area and got in the car. I got in the front seat and said, "Okay, driver, we can go now." He couldn't get the car started. It was in such bad mechanical shape. To make a long story short again, they had to get out of the car, we had to take the baggage out and put it in a cab and away they went. (laughter) That was my first introduction to Mr. Rockefeller.

S: I'll bet you made a lasting impression.

A: That's for sure, but he couldn't care less. He was a wonderful, wonderful person. Anyway, when Mayor Fasi went out of office some eight years later, his staff, people like me, went out with him and that was fine.

I gave up most of my community work and the things I'd been involved in and a few years ago concentrated my efforts on the Institute for Human Services. This is Reverend DuTeil's organization, which he started himself, and if there's ever a saint to be annointed here (if that's the word to use), it should be he. He's done a fantastic job with these destitute people that we have on our streets called street people. We've gone from pillar to post as far as housing is concerned. We're now ensconced in a very nice setup out by the Salvation Army and City Mill area.

The city has been very cooperative in building this for us. We pay rent for it. In fact, we don't hold to any government agency. We receive no funds from the state or the city. We raise it ourselves. At the moment we're feeding about 500 meals a day. That's about 150 to 175 people. We sleep approximately 125 each night. We have showers for them, they can get their mail there, they can keep clothing there. It's the only contact they have with the so-called outside world.

Unfortunately, probably half of them are mentally disarranged. They're hard to rehabilitate as far as work is concerned because most of them are unemployable. They just don't have enough going for them to do it.

As you go out there and watch these people go through the food line you'll see the lowest of the low, yet you'll see a man or woman in line dressed as you and I are. You sort of wonder what their problem is. We don't ask them. We have probably ninety percent repeat customers or, as we call them, clients. But without the work that Reverend DuTeil is doing you'd probably have hundreds on the street, probably robbing and other things to gain food or whatever. He's doing a fantastic job.

S: Are these people drug addicts or alcoholics or ...?

A: All kinds. We run the gamut.

S: And those who are just down on their luck as you might say.

A: Right. Many of them have a drug or alcohol problem. What the percentage is at this point, I don't know. You can tell some by looking into their bleary red eyes and flushed faces that they have have some kind of a problem.

S: Do they have any kind of a social work setup there or is this just caring for them physically and getting them through the day?

A: Physically and mentally. We have psychiatrists who come out there and give their time, as well as doctors. Some of them are terribly affected with open sores, just terrible looking people. The psychologists endeavor to help when they can.

Many of these people should be in institutions. Many are let out much too early because of space, costs and other reasons. Our streets are full of them and at least we keep them out of the rain and keep their bellies full.

I'm also on the board of the Salvation Army and that organization is an outstanding one, of course, but they don't do quite what we're doing. They have an alcoholic rehabilitation program and they care for unwed mothers, but don't specifically work with the street people.

S: This is a growing problem. Every city on the mainland has reported increases in this problem that are just unbelievable and when you visit a large city on the mainland, you're made very much aware of it.

A: They're all over the place. Of course, some of them like it. If they had a choice of getting out of it, some of them would request, "Just leave me alone."

S: This is their lifestyle.

A: Of course, it's basically very easy. They have no worries that we have as a family person. And most of them get some funds from the government.

S: Either a veteran's disability benefit or social security or ...?

A: Welfare type of thing. Some of it is used wisely. Others get their check and it's gone the same day. Hence, they're on our lines for all that month again.

S: Do you have a larger percentage of men than women?

A: If I were to guess right now, I would say eighty percent men. Even twenty percent women sounds high. We keep them segregated. We have the men that sleep on the floor downstairs and upstairs the women have their own facilities.

S: Don't you wonder about that because statistically there are more of us women around?

A: I don't know. My figures might be off a bit, but not too much.

Another subject that we haven't discussed, which I think is of interest, is the huge amount particularly of Japanese money coming into our state. With the yen and the dollar being what it is in terms of value, it's a good deal for a Japanese national who has money to come to Hawaii to buy property. It's just good business sense and they are good business people, but how far can this go before it has a detrimental effect on our economy as much of our prime land will be owned by foreigners. I don't know. But the amount of land being bought up, buildings, raw land, hotels, et cetera, in the last couple of years has been tremendous. In fact, no one really knows how much has been invested here.

It might be quite revealing if that amount were known and it might be a bit scary. I don't know what the answer is. But we might be losing control over much of what we have control over now. It will be interesting to see what happens in that respect. How much money is coming in from Taiwan and Hong Kong, I honestly don't know in reference to what is coming in from Japan. Some is coming in, Hong Kong in particular, because of the 1997 that remains a cloud. I think those that have abundant wealth are spreading it with a "just in case" attitude and it's a smart thing to do. It's exactly what I would do if I were a resident of Hong Kong.

Of course, land values here we think are high. To us they're extremely high, but they're very cheap when you compare the square footage of a piece of property in Hong Kong, for instance, compared to a piece of business property here. It's probably many times less expensive here than it would be in Hong Kong. The same with Tokyo. So when you see a building or a lot (assuming there was one) in downtown Honolulu versus a lot in downtown Tokyo, it would be three or four times more expensive in Tokyo.

It's all relative I guess and that's another reason, that's the prime reason, why so much foreign money, particularly Japanese, is coming in here. There are tremendous values. Some of those homes in Kahala that we think have horrible prices, exorbitant prices, to a person from other places it's a bargain.

S: That's why even the Japanese tourists come and shop here. From a recent television program that I saw I learned that the prices in Tokyo for ordinary foodstuffs is absolutely unreal.

A: That's why the Duty Free Shops here.... That's one of the best deals in this town. I wish I had part of that action. The volume that they have, particularly among the Japanese, is truly outstanding. It makes McInerny's, Liberty House and Andrade look like fly specks in comparison.

S: Well, they are the number one retailer.

A: And the saving is not that great. When you get a sale at Long's Drug Store, it's probably a lot cheaper than it might be at Duty Free. (laughs) But they've got a fine operation. It's high class.

We were talking a little bit about the Concorde that visited us in the last couple of weeks and it occurred to me that people might be thinking why doesn't an airline like Pan American operate them right now instead of allowing a foreign country to get ahead of us at least in terms of speed.

At this stage of the game, the economics just isn't there. Fuel consumption is awesome compared to the 747. They probably burn three times as much fuel for the time in the air and with the cost of fuel (even though it has gone down) it's still a tremendous part of the cost of operating an airline.

S: And these are not luxury planes. From the pictures I saw of the interior they're very crowded.

A: To Pan American it's comparable to our clipper class service, not our first class, our clipper class service. Roughly, one hundred seats are involved. For years and years and years, France and England have lost money on the operation. I'm told now that the operation is at least breaking even, but breaking even for a private airline, there's no progress there. It's a status symbol for those countries.

We have one on the books. Have had it for many years. Boeing has one and I'm sure other companies have one comparable to it, but the cost of building it, billions of dollars, not millions, are involved as it was in the case of the Concorde. No private company these days with deregulation, et cetera, can afford them. I don't think you'll see any great change in our type of aircraft for the next ten years anyway from what they are presently using. That 747 with the 400 passenger capability versus 100 on the Concorde, regardless of that speed, is just not an economically sound plane to have.

S: Because if they're charging \$5,000 to fly from New York to London or Paris....

A: Two or three times the amount. So it's a company paying for it, not an average tourist.

S: That's what I mean. You're not going to find a tourist coming from the West coast or the East coast.

A: Jet setters of wealth do it for the prestige or the attention getting effect of saying, "I came over for lunch on the Concorde and I'm going back tonight." It sounds good and if that's what they want, fine. It's a wonderful airplane. From a mechanical point of view they've done beautifully. I don't recall any major accident that they've had over all these years. They've only made about twelve of them because of the economics involved.

Following the Concorde, let's talk about the airlines in general. You might be concerned as I am, and everybody else should be, as to what the future holds for Pan American, for instance, since we lost the Pacific route. We didn't "lose" it. We sold it for \$750 million dollars and that was a means of survival. Without that money we'd probably have to close our doors, so we had no choice. We sold our profitable route.

Deregulation has always concerned me. If you ask me the question, "Am I for it?" I would say, "No," immediately, although most major airlines, I think, Pan American and United were originally for it and still are, but look what's happened. I don't have the figure, by the way, and I'm not sure who does, of how many people are now out of work in the aviation industry because of these various mergers. Obviously, if you merge and one company has 10,000, the other 10,000 and you merge, you aren't going to keep 20,000 employees. That's the problem. Pan American, of course, has put all its eggs in the European basket and the Middle East. Now we have people staying away from Europe, staying away from the Middle East, and that's where our eggs are.

When it comes to the United States proper, the competitive aspect is so massive and the rate wars, and they really are rate wars, are not helping anyone. The survival of Pan American, one more year of operations will determine if we are going to stay alive or merge or do something, because the present way, as I see it, we cannot survive under these conditions. This would be regrettable to have this great airlines face this problem.

United is doing well. They've been at the right place at the right time and made some very good decisions. They're financially sound at least at the moment, but things can turn

so quickly. It's an unusual business to be in and no one company feels really that secure and that's not the way it should be. Anyway, my life has been wrapped up in it, I miss it and I keep in close touch with it, but I'm glad I'm not in it at the moment. Enough on the aviation bit.

As you sit in my office here, you'll notice the ivory that I have around here. You'll notice my hunting trophies on the wall. This piece on top of my desk right there got me started into the ivory hobby. I found that piece in the bush in Rhodesia about fifteen years ago when I was hunting a sable antelope (that animal on the wall in back of you). It was all dirty. It was a broken piece from an elephant. They sometimes will uproot a tree or try to and will break the end of their tusks off.

I took it to Hong Kong and an old Chinese man carved it for me and I was so impressed with what he did from a dirty piece of tusk into a wonderful scene of these two military figures of years ago, emperors probably fighting, that that got my interest going. Out of that little piece there came this particular collection.

S: And this was only fifteen years ago?

A: Yes, and these large tusks right here I shot myself. You might say, "Why would you shoot an elephant?" In some areas of Africa there are too many elephants and they want to cull them out because the food supply gets extremely low where at one point over 2,000 elephants in Tsavo National Park Game Reserve died of starvation. So if you kill off, particularly the old, nonbreeding bulls, you're not depleting the herd at all, you're helping them.

An average elephant eats (or tries to eat if he can find it) about 300 pounds of food a day. Now that means when they come to a tree, they're primarily browsers, although they will eat some grasses, they'll reach their trunks as high as they can go, pull branches down. When they can reach no higher, if the tree is "push-overable" so to speak, they'll put their heads against it, rock back and forth and knock the whole tree down, obviously killing the tree.

So if you have 500 elephants in a given location for a week, it would look like Iwo Jima during the war. They're killing off their own food. Also they have a very poor digestive system. About half of what they ingest in the droppings, the other half remains leaves and twigs undigested. Why nature has done this to an elephant I don't know but they get very little food value. Hence, they must eat these great amounts. They must also have about fifty gallons of water a day for a big bull. Obviously, during the droughts that I've seen it's just horrible. The poor things. The river dries up, the water source gone. Then the old bulls in the herd and the females will endeavor to dig

herd and the females will endeavor to dig beneath the sand's surface to get some seepage from the water down below. Sometimes they can, enough for survival, but then the youngsters with shorter trunks can't reach the water so the young are the first to die.

Also as the water dries up they must go to other areas for it and if none exists, then they, of course, will perish. The rains will oftentimes come and save them and the same thing over again next year. As they kill off their food supply near the water they must go further away from the water to get the food. They might be fifty miles away from any source of food and then they must come back again through a nonproductive food eating area to get the water to live and then go back out again. They lead a horrible existence and oftentimes during these times the poachers will come in and kill them for a small piece of ivory. It might not even be a foot long and weigh five pounds or two pounds. It might be a pregnant cow and they'll kill them, remove the ivory, don't eat the elephant, then go across the border to Somalia, where most of them come from, with their illicit ivory.

Now when I shoot an old bull, I get the tusks and the natives in that area take the meat so there's nothing wasted. That's the big difference between the hunter and the poacher.

S: When you get these tusks, where do you have all the work done?

A: I bring them home with me to Hawaii. On my next trip to Hong Kong I take them on an airplane to my carvers out there and they do the carving, clean the tusks up, do the carving, make the stands. When they're finished, I go back to Hong Kong, pick them up and bring them home. What you see here is some fine ivory. Ivory is graded like a diamond. It goes from very fine to fine to good to poor. Most of the ivory that you see is of the good to fine carving. It's hard to find good carvings today because many of the older men are dying off and the young Chinese, for instance, don't want to get involved in this tedious work. They can make more money elsewhere. Good carvings are going down rather than up.

S: I notice that the two tusks that you got in honor of your grandson aren't carved.

A: They were left natural because I hadn't been into the carving of them yet. That was some sixteen years ago and I'm glad I did because many people like them that way better than carved. You'll notice the cracks in it. That's like the enamel on your teeth. It's very shallow and it can be sanded down to make them pure white. Ivory doesn't differ very much. In some parts of Africa ivory is softer than others. Other places are harder, but basically it's the same. All valuable. Right now it costs about sixty to seventy dollars

a pound in a raw state. So you think of a single tusk like that there that weighs 100 pounds and you're at about six or seven or eight thousand dollars just for the raw tusk. One. It's a pretty valuable piece of equipment, so to speak, that the elephant carries.

An elephant's tusk is similar to an incisor tooth in the human. It's the exact same tooth as our incisor tooth but it's elongated. It's primarily used for eating. They strip bark from trees with it. It can be used in fighting, but they don't fight that much with them. It can also be used for digging. Digging holes for water. They use their feet a good bit for kicking the sand out. Amazing animal. There's still about a million left in Africa even with all this poaching and hunting. The point is that they're going downhill pretty fast. They aren't endangered right at the moment but they could be very soon.

Like the rhinoceros for instance. Let's say that there were a hundred rhinos in that area when I hunted there ten years ago. There are about four or five left now because the horn is being used by the Arabs up north in Yeman for dagger handles and then the other tusks go to the Orient to be ground up in powder-like form to be used as an aphrodisiac so they say. So the poor rhino's been hit terribly. The black rhino, that is. They've gone downhill in the last ten years. I would say that eighty percent of the population's been wiped out so they are very much endangered now.

S: But the elephants seem to be going downhill because of natural causes.

A: Habitation. People are tilling the land more and taking their habitat away from them. The combination of man poaching and the farmer, for instance, has his cornfield planted and the elephants can come in and in one night decimate him, so they get permission to shoot them. They're being pushed back further and further into the bush, so the elephant is leading a horrible life right now and will continue to. The poachers even go into the national parks and hunt them there. They're put in jail, of course, but for one tusk that's a couple of years salary working so obviously they're going to gamble just like a gambler selling dope gambles on getting caught.

S: You talked about the elephants in Africa primarily. What about the elephants in India?

A: There are wild elephants left in India but they're protected. Their tusks are not as long or as valuable in terms of weight and they've got stricter, more enforceable laws out there. There are about 2,000 elephants left in India, mostly working elephants. The same with Nepal and the area out of Singapore. There are still hundreds left,

not thousands. They're more easily tamed than the African. The African temperament is not the same as the Indian and hence they're much more difficult to train. They're not used anywhere to my knowledge, the African elephant.

S: To this day it's still legal though?

A: It all depends on the country. It's totally closed in Kenya. No more hunting is allowed there. That's the worst thing they could possibly have done. They now put it in the hands of the poachers and the poachers are going mad out there. In fact, many of the politicians in some of these countries in Africa are in on poaching themselves and don't want it stopped because they're getting money out of it.

There are still about four or five countries in Africa where elephant hunting is permitted. There are sufficient herds there that it's not doing that much damage. As I said, there are well over a million left.

S: Is there a limit?

A: Yes, usually they'll allow you one. It costs about \$3,000 to \$5,000 for a license to shoot one. It's for the rich. By the time you pay for your safari, which might be a \$25,000 two-week affair and start buying your licenses, x number of dollars for an elephant license and another thousand for a lion and six hundred for a zebra, it adds up tremendously. Safaris are still very much in being, particularly in Tanzania and Zimbabwe.

Many of the farmers there have these rhinos, the white rhinos, on their farms and they allow a person to come in and cull those out once in a while. And other game animals. There's still lots of hunting all over Africa. As I was about to mention, if you were in Hong Kong today there are many ivory shops out there. Most ivory goes from Africa to Hong Kong or Japan. Some to Europe. If you bought a piece of ivory in Hong Kong, you could bring it to Hawaii with you. Just declare it. You don't need any papers on it. There's no trouble in getting it in whatever.

Conversely, if you were going to Tokyo today and took a piece of ivory with you and they knew it, they'd take it away from you in Tokyo airport. Each country differs as to how they do it.

S: What about the pieces other than ivory here?

A: That piece in front is malachite, a beautiful green stone, from which copper is made. They save the better pieces and carve it. It's a semiprecious stone actually. A good deal of it comes from Africa and Russia has a good supply.

That's a very good piece there because it's a large piece. Usually they don't come that large. This other head here looks like malachite, but it's verdite. It weighs 125 pounds and it's the head of a native as you can see and done by a native of the Shona tribe of Zimbabwe who have an innate ability to carve. They can take a piece of stone like that, put it on a pedestal or wherever they can do it and with a hammer and chisel come out with something like this. Now that's a magnificent piece which I bought in Johannesburg. They had a show there of the work done by these tribesmen and that was the focal piece. That was the number one piece of the show.

S: And these tribemen just pass it down from generation to generation. This art.

A: That's correct. The carving. Stone carving in particular. It's an amazing thing. That belongs in a museum. That's a magnificent piece. It truly is. I was fortunate to get it. It's increased in value tremendously, but I don't want to sell it. By the same token, my family doesn't like it particularly. I don't know what I'm going to do with it. Maybe I will give it to a museum when the time is ready.

S: That would probably be the answer.

A: That would be the right place for it. The children don't want it, there's no point in keeping it and having it collect dust.

S: Something like that should be on display and enjoyed.

A: And the history of it be known. He has a very strong face, doesn't he? (laughs) He's in charge.

To possibly end this little talk we've been having, I still feel very strongly about Hawaii. I am concerned about the lack of new industry that literally does not exist. I'm upset with many politicians, particularly city and state, primarily state at this point, of not making it more easy for a company to come in here. I'm concerned about my grandchildren who live here. About what they're going to do for a living. Everyone can't get involved in tourism. There's not going to be that much around for them. So we are on the spot so to speak. I think our politicals should be extremely concerned in that respect and I doubt how many are really extremely concerned. What the next ten years will be around this town, I don't know. If tourism is adversely affected through war or other things, we are in deep trouble. Deep, deep trouble. Enough said.

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THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The Watumull Foundation Oral History Project began in June of 1971. During the following seventeen months eighty-eight people were taped. These tapes were transcribed but had not been put in final form when the project was suspended at the end of 1972.

In 1979 the project was reactivated and the long process of proofing, final typing and binding began. On the fortieth anniversary of the Watumull Foundation in 1982 the completed histories were delivered to the three repositories.

As the value of these interviews was realized, it was decided to add to the collection. In November of 1985 Alice Sinesky was engaged to interview and edit thirty-three histories that have been recorded to mark the forty-fifth anniversary of the Foundation.

The subjects for the interviews are chosen from all walks of life and are people who are part of and have contributed to the history of Hawaii.

The final transcripts, on acid-free Permalife bond paper and individually Velo-bound, are deposited and are available to scholars and historians at the Hawaii State Archives, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii and the Cooke Library at Punahou School. The tapes are sealed and are not available.

August 1987